

TRI-WEEKLY KENTUCKY YEOMAN.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOL. XIX.

THE TRI-WEEKLY YEOMAN.

Steamboat Departures.
Steamboat Blue Wing No. 3 leaves every Tuesday and Friday at 3 A. M. for Louisville.
Steamer Wren leaves every Saturday at 12 M. for Cincinnati.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

FRANKFORT AND LOUISVILLE.
On and after May 14th, 1871, trains will leave Frankfort daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

For Louisville 7:15 A. M. 3:15 P. M.
Arrive at Louisville 11:00 A. M. 6:30 P. M.
Leaves Louisville 2:30 P. M. 6:00 P. M.
Arrive at Frankfort 7:00 P. M. 9:30 A. M.

Stage Departures.

LEAVES
Harridburg and Danville, (Daily) 9:30 A. M.
Shelbyville, (Daily) 10:00 A. M.
Georgetown and Paris, (Tri-Weekly) 10:00 A. M.
Office at Capital Hotel.

Time for Closing the Mails.
First Louisville and Western mail closed 6:30 A. M.
First Lexington, Cincinnati, and Eastern mail closed 8:25 A. M.
Second Louisville and Western mail closed 10:00 A. M.
Second Lexington, Cincinnati, and Eastern mail closed 11:45 A. M.
Danville mail closes at 9:00 A. M.
Maysville, Versailles, and Georgetown mail 8:25 A. M.
Bridgeport and Clay Village mail closes at 7:00 A. M.
Forks of Elkhorn, Great Crossings, and White Sulphur mail closes at 8:00 A. M.
U. S. Office open from 10 o'clock A. M. to 6:00 P. M.
JAMES G. HATCHITT, P. M.

(From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.)

TO THE COMING MAN—H. R. H. ALEXIS.

Hail! O mighty! Zarowith!
Hail! O great Tartar, o'which
The toadies many are who itch
To greet thy name:
Welcome, chief of Muscovites,
Fair and dark, and dusky whites;
Hear the criers of husky wights,
And lo! loud acclaim!

We rather, like thee, haughty man;
Your sires' the proper sort o' men;
And may we whip the Ottoman,
And other toes;

Though less we love your feudal ways,

Yours' we voted rude always,

Yours' mines and chains have stood always

As direst woes.

But never, "in your born days,"
You met who more love foreign ways,
Than Freedom's children, raw in ways

Of courtly guile;

Your names in "mists" and "offs" and "oakies,"

Your sorries and exiles dragging "drookies,"

Your Church, all Romish, sans the "Cross

Keys,

Will be the style.

Of course you must be interviewed
By question-asking butlers/rule,

Whose coolness, by old Winter viewed,

Would freeze his blood;

And though the greatest Russian Bear,

You must, perforce, a crushing bear

From snobs and fools who push in where

They never should.

They'll want your *carte* and lock of hair;
I wish you'll wear a mock affair—

They'll seal the total stock off, ere

They find you bold;

They'll take you round to see the sights,

Graveyards and other tedious sites,

Faneuil Hall and Breed's Hishts,

Now "Bunker's" called.

But, ere we part, accept a nice
Right royal gift, well kept (in ice),

For such as these, adept in nice

Discrimination:

Accept what not enriches you,

Nor robes us either, which is fine—

Accept A! ASKA! such as you

Can rule that nation.

Thus shall we then in sort shake off

The debt we owe to Gortschakoff,

Hoping that thou'll in naught take off

Fense at the boon:

And may no serious loss accrue

To him that owns the saucy crew,

Not thou, beloved Cossack, rue

The gift too soon.

JOHN HAY TRACES THE ORIGIN OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

Mr. John Hay, the "Little Breeches" and *Jim Bludso*' man, was dispatched to Chicago by the New York Tribune to do the great fire, and, among several entertaining letters, is the following romantic tracing of its origin:

"Man is the only animal who wastes his time

in efforts to find out how things began for the mere pleasure of knowing. We are not satisfied with our pleasure until we have poisoned them with that flavor of realism. We pursue our Burgundy until we have hunted it down to the vase where it sports under the broad

feet of the peasants of Boeaeue. And we are

equally unwise in dwelling on the source of

our troubles, instead of looking forward to the

end of them, and then forgetting them wholly.

The Nile is better worth seeing at Karnak and

Cairo than Nyanza. The Mississippi is far

more enjoyable stream at Spyk Point or Alton,

than at Itasca lake. Ye good men, sensible

in the man, was their lives in tracking

them to those savage thickets where nature

has hidden away their cradles safe from the

hand of the world.

"I see the folly of all this plainly enough,

but the human nature in me will not let me

follow my own precepts. I have here before

me six miles, more or less, of the finest confa-

gration ever seen. I have smoking ruins and

ruins which have broken themselves of smoking;

churches as romantic in their dilapida-

tion as Melrose by moonlight; mountains of

brick and mortar, and forests of springing

chimneys. I returned from them all this

morning to hunt for the spot where the fire

started. It is the greatest and most brilliant

apparition of the nineteenth century—more

reckless than Fisk, more remorseless than Bis-

mack. Some details of its early life might

not be without edification. There may be less

in its cradle and in its grave. These were

the thought that justified me in going to De

Koven street, though the real reason was that

I was curious to see the first footprint of the

monster who had tramped a great city out of

existence in a day.

"Nothing could be more ignoble and com-

monplace than this quarter of Chicago. I

reached it by crossing over the long draw-

bridge at Twelfth street, which was swinging

gracefully on its pivot as I came. The streets

were all filled with wagons loaded down with

furniture, which exposed to the gaze of the

lovers the broken life of the family. The

air of the quarter was wholly foreign and not

quite reputable. Even the little church of St.

Wenzel added to the Bohemian air of the dis-

trict. German volunteers were guarding the

relief stores from hungry Czechs, who would

make irregular forays on the provisions. Both

sides thought their dignity required they

should speak English instead of their native

language. "Keep your fingers wet, don't it?" These colloquies sometimes give us moments of conjecture as

to the final doom of our language. I found

De Koven street at last, a mean little street of

shabby wooden houses, with dirty doorways,

and unpainted fences falling to decay. It had no look of Chicago about it. Take it up and drop it out on the prairie, and its name might be Lickskillet Station as well as anything else. The street was unpaved and littered with old boxes and mildewed papers, and a dozen absurd geese wandered about with rustic familiarity. Slatternly women lounged at the gate, and bare-legged children kept up an evidently traditional warfare of skirmishing with the geese. On the south side of the street not a house was touched. On the north only one remained. All the rest were simply ashes. There were no piles of ruin here. The wooden hovels left no landmarks except here and there a stunted chimney too squat to fall. The grade had been raised in places and left untouched in others, so that now, as in the North division, the roads seemed like viaducts, and scorched and blackened trees seemed growing out of sodden cellars. But of all the miserable plain stretching out before me to the burning coal heaps in the northern distance, I was only interested in the narrow block between De Koven and Taylor streets, now quite flat and cool, with small gutter-boys marching through the lots, some kicking with bare feet in the light ashes for suspected and sporadic coals, and others prudently mounted on sticks, which sunk from time to time in the spongy soil, and caused the young acrobats to descend ignominiously and pull them out. This was the Mecca of my pilgrimage, for here the fire began. One small little hovel alone remained intact in all that vast expanse. A warped and weather-beaten shanty of two rooms stretched on thin piles, with tin plates nailed half way down them like dirty pantalots. There was no shanty but in Chicago nor in Tipperary. But it stood there safe, while a city perished before it and around it. It was preserved by its own destructive significance. It was made sacred by the curse that rested on it—a curse more deadly than that which darkened the lintels of the house of Thyses. For out of that house, last Sunday night, came a woman with a lamp to the barn behind the house, to milk the cow with the crumpled temper, that kicked the lamp, that spilt the kerosene that fired the straw, that burned Chicago. And there to this hour stands that craven little house, holding on tightly to its miserable existence.

"I stood on the sidewalk opposite, as in duty bound, calling up the appropriate emotions. A strange, wrinkled face on a dwarfish body came up and said, 'That's a dreadful sight!' I assented, and he continued in a melancholy croon: 'Forty year I have lived here—and there wasn't a brick house but wan, and that was the Lakeside House, and it's gone now; an av. y'll believe me, Soor, I never see a fine joiket that!' I believed him thoroughly, and he went away. My emotions not being satisfactory from a front view of the shanty I went around to the rear, and there found the man of the house sitting with two of his friends. His wife, Our Lady of the Lamp—frightened with heavier disaster than that which Psyche carried to the bed-side of Eros—sat at the window knitting. I approached the man of the house and gave him good day. He glanced up with sleepy, furtive eyes. I asked him what he knew about the origin of the fire. He glanced at his friends and said, civilly, he knew very little; he was waked up about 9 o'clock by the alarm, and fought from that time to save his house; at every sentence he turned to his friends and said, 'I can prove it by them,' to which they nodded assent. He seemed far from all that Chicago was coming down upon him for prompt and integral payment of that \$200,000 his cow had kicked over. His neighbors say this story is an invention dating from the second day of the fire. There was something unutterably grotesque in this ultimate atom feeling a sense of responsibility for a catastrophe so stupendous and striking by a fiction, which must have heavily taxed his highest powers of imagination to escape a reckoning he was already free from,

"Like his' fellows the 'midge and the nit Through minuteness, to wit."

A VETERAN OF THE MEXICAN WAR—Mr. W. H. Wise, who keeps a grocery store on the corner of Twelfth and Grayson streets, is the owner of a horse which was in the cavalry service in the Mexican war, and was in the battle of Chupipec. When the late civil war broke out he was still vigorous and spirited, and was again placed in the service as a cavalry horse. He escaped all danger, and now, at the age of about thirty-five years, is still a useful animal, though so spirited at times as to render him almost unmanageable, and has always had a peculiar aversion to being shod, which he has exhibited to such an alarming extent every time shoeing becomes necessary that there is but one blacksmith in the city who will venture to shoe him, and that only by hobbling him so that he can not kick. Jack is the name he has carried with him through all his history. Whether or not the battle through which he passed gave his disposition a pugnacious turn, is hard to determine; but he will not suffer any invasion from strangers upon his premises, it seems as if the war spirit still animates him, and he defends himself by kicking, pawing, and biting. He is supposed to be a Convict in a Convict's Cell. In one vol. 540 pages, over 50 elegant engravings, made expressly for this book, a simple one-horse press, 80 cents. C. P. CO., New York.

GEN. LEE. His life and times is now ready for Agents in one splendid volume of 850 pages, and 30 Steel Portraits and a large series of colored and black and white illustrations. Contains facts of interest never published. Sent on receipt of price \$3.75. Also Dr. B. H. DOUGLASS' HOME PHYSICIAN, the new handy book of medical knowledge, now in its second edition, written by Dr. B. H. DOUGLASS, and illustrated by Dr. J. W. COLTON, New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

STATE-PRISON LIFE,

By One who has Been There.

A strangely fascinating, powerfully written, and thoroughly reliable book. From a new stand-point it gives a subject of great interest and great interest in itself—the progress of the system of treatment in many prisons, and the advantages of the system recently inaugurated in others. Together with a true and detailed account of the various forms of punishment used in prisons, also shame-faced terminations with female convicts, mutinies, murders, starvings, whippings, hair-breadth caps, scoldings, and floggings, and other punishments. A new and instructive picture of the life of a Convict in a Convict's Cell. In one vol. 540 pages, over 50 elegant engravings, made expressly for this book, a simple one-horse press, 80 cents. C. P. CO., New York.

JURUBEBA.

It is NOT a PHYSIC—it is a BITTERS, and it is intended as such. It is a powerful medicine, and has been used for many years by the most learned in the country with wonderful efficacy as a POWERFUL ALTERNATIVE and UNQUALLED PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD and is a Sure and Perfect Remedy for all diseases of the blood.

Liver and Spleen, Enlargement or Obstruction of Intestines, Visceral, Uterine, or Abdominal Organs, Fever, or a want of Blood, Intermittent or Remittent Fevers, Inflammation of the Liver, Dropsy, Sanguineous, Tumors, Jaundice, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Ague and Fever, or their concomitants.

DR. WELL'S EXTRACT OF JURUBEBA

is offered to the public as a great invigorator and remedy for all luxuries of the blood, or for organic weakness of their attendant evils. For the foregoing complaints

JURUBEBA

is confidently recommended to every family as a household remedy, and should be freely taken in all derangements of the system; it gives health, vigor and strength, and helps to remove all weak and unwholesome tempers.

THE TRI-WEEKLY YEOMAN

PUBLISHED BY

W. H. MEMORIAL.

TERMS.

125c per Tri-Weekly. Kentucky Yeoman is published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 125c per annum in advance. Money may be sent by mail at our risk.

The Weekly Yeoman is published every Friday at two dollars per annum, in advance.

125c per Tri-Weekly to Clubs.

ADVERTISING.

Cost of advertising in Tri-Weekly: One square, first insertion, \$1.00; One square, each continuation, 25c; One advertising line, 10c; or less, 1 insertion, 5c; or each subsequent insertion, 10c; 1/2 Double column advertisements, or ad. erasing to occupy a fixed place, 50c per cent additional; Local notices 20 cents a line each insertion; All Liberal contributions can be made for larger advertisements to be inserted more than once.

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, Editor.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1871.

TIN AND THE TARIFF.

There has been a good deal of rejoicing over the discovery of valuable tin mines in Utah Territory. The deposits are said to be wonderfully rich, and to equal if not surpass the mines in Cornwall, Great Britain, the chief source of supply to the world. It is a very natural thing for an American, reflecting upon the benefits which ought to accrue to our people who use tin so extensively, to rejoice that a new source of supply has been discovered, and innocently to suppose that if it proves as rich and extensive in deposit as supposed, it will prove a great blessing. But if the Radical policy in this, as in other similar cases is carried out, there will be much more need to curse the day that the discovery was made. By this time some shrewd Yankees—some members of the Cabinet or congressional ring—has, we venture to say, already bought the mine or will buy it and all the adjacent territory. When once the title has been made snug and sound, and the President has been furnished with his pro rata of stock in the company, Congress will pass an act putting a protective tariff of fifty or a hundred per cent. on imported tin. The whole Radical set, composed in equal parts of fools, dupes, and accomplices in the foul, will declare that the measure is beneficial and laudable, showing the fostering care of the parental government in protecting the development of tin mining and manufacture, and excluding the foreign article from competition, to the extent of the tariff. Those who look at things without having their vision blinded by either of the three disabling causes under which the friends of such measures labor, will call such a tariff a deliberate robbery of the great body of the American people, to enrich a few favorites. The tax will go, not to the treasury, where revenue is received, but to the pockets of the owners of the tin mines. And, as is the case with all such taxes, they will come from the poor-in-tin-fol proportion as from the rich. The wealthy can do without the luxury of tin ware. They can eat from chin or silverware, and drink from glass or gold, but the laboring man must have his tin bucket, his tin cup, and his tin-washed spoon. What if he shall have to pay ten cents for a cup when he now pays five, or thirty cents for a cap when he now pays twenty? The swindling political economists who teach this system, which they call protection to American industry, argue that the sum is so small, and the laboring man so little posted in such matters, he will pay the tax uncomplainingly, especially as being indirect, he may not see why or for whom benefit he pays the increased cost, and may attribute the advance to the natural laws governing trade. The Forty-first Congress passed a similar bill in regard to copper. The world rang with marvellous tales of the richness of the Lake Superior copper mines, and any one arguing from natural cause to effect or from the rule of demand and supply would have thought that, if copper was to be cheap, anywhere in the world it would be in America. But it was too good an opening not to be made available by the harpies, who are always looking out for such things, and a bill was lobbied through Congress to protect the copper interests by imposing a tariff of forty per cent., or thereabouts, on imported copper. It was a swindle, as apparent as the pig-iron, or Bessemer steel, or salt tariff, and aman's in effect to require every man who buys a hundred dollars' worth of copper in any shape to contribute to the producers of Lake Superior copper forty dollars as a bonus exacted through Federal legislation. But why speak of copper? The same is the case with regard to everything made in the East, from collied to castor oil, and from salt to soda-ash, the amount received from importations, as revenue by the Federal Government, representing only about one tenth of the sum total which the people pay annually to the monopolists for whose benefit the tariff is imposed. The Secretary of the Treasury reports a revenue of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred millions from tariff, and the Radical editors of the three classes enumerated say this is the only tax levied on this account—some of them of the double-dyed strain, even going so far as to say that it is not the people of this country who pay the tariff collected at the ports, but the foreign manufacturer or the importer, instead of the consumer. But only fools or knaves hold this view now, and the idea that it is the people of every government who pay its taxes has generally been conceded, and that there is no potent process, either of import or export tariff, by which we can make a foreign people pay our expenses. Every dollar raised by the government by tariff or other tax, however indirect, comes from our people; besides this, where manufacturers are protected, as it is called, by a tariff which virtually excludes imports of the same class of material or manufacture, the government gets only what is collected at the Custom-Houses less cost of collection, while the manufacturers or other monopolists, realize the percentage embraced in the tariff-list upon all the articles they sell. This has been

shown by the statistics to be nine or ten times greater than the tariff, so that the tax paid by the people of the United States for the inexpressible felicity of protecting home industry, as the rascals put it, amounts to one and a half to two thousand millions of dollars per annum, or ten times the amount received as revenue from tariff. It matters not that the high rate of tariff acts to exclude many articles of prime use, the introduction of which, at a low or reasonable tariff, would yield a handsome revenue, the object of the impost not being to raise revenue but to fatten a few at the expense of the many, the more effective they become in excluding all foreign competition, the more successful the scheme. The day is coming when the mystery which beclouds the tariff and keeps the mass of the people from realizing that the protective system is one of robbery and fraud will be dispelled, and the true laws of political economy prevail, whereby only a tariff for revenue will be laid on imports, and that upon only a few articles, with reference simply to the collection of the necessary tax and not to the protection of special interests or fattening of favorites.

NEW APPLICATION OF STEAM.—Among the many improvements in cities which the enforced rebuilding of Chicago has suggested, is that of heating the entire town with steam, in a manner very similar to that by which it was formerly lighted—by means of pipes running under ground from some central reservoir to each house, thus doing away forever with the annoyance caused by bad coal, damp wood, kindling, &c. It may be doubted, says the New York Times, whether the time is ripe for so extensive an improvement; but when we remember that steam may be forced through these pipes to an immense distance, with very slight diminution of heat, and at the rate of seven miles per minute, it does indeed seem as if the day could not be far distant when a practical application shall be made of what has long been theoretically admissed.

Gen. Gustavus W. Smith has been making an indelible mark among the insurance fraternity at New York, during the late convention. His report is said to have been the ablest document on both fire and life insurance ever prepared in this country. It comprised about 100 pages of fine print, and contained many highly important suggestions and recommendations, and after having been critically examined and discussed by the ablest actuaries and insurance experts, all its features were adopted by an almost unanimous vote. A private letter from New York says: "Gen. Smith is now regarded, beyond question, the highest insurance authority in this country."

The Nashville Banner, speaking of the debt of Tennessee, says that "in spite of the squandering of the school fund during previous administrations, and a badly managed railroad system, involving the State in heavy debt, enough money was raised under the old régime, at fifty cents taxation on the \$100, to pay the current expenses of State Government. And now taxation is up among the sixties, but the situation is no better."

Is this the kind of tax the Hickman Courier wants Western Kentucky to pay?

The Louisville papers of yesterday advised us that a controlling interest in the Louisville, Cincinnati, and Lexington Railroad had been purchased by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. We have only room, to-day, to make this announcement, but as the movement is one of great interest to this section of the country, and to the entire State, we shall have more to say of it hereafter.

They had a first class riot in Los Angeles, California, on Wednesday, in which fifteen Chinese were hung. Here's work for the Ku-Klux Committee. But then they are only Chinamen instead of Africans, so we suppose we shall hear nothing of it.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The President has issued a proclamation recommending Thursday, November 30th, as a day of thanksgiving:

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.
By the President of the United States, a Proclamation:

Favorable seasons have again enabled the husbandmen to gather their fruit successfully, and industry has been generally well rewarded. We are at peace with all nations, and tranquility, with a few exceptions, prevails at home. Within the past year we have, in the main, been free from ills which elsewhere affected our kind. If some of us have had calamities, there should be occasion for sympathy with the sufferers and resignation on their part to the will of the Most High, and rejoicing to the many who have been more favored. I therefore recommend that on Thursday, the 30th day of November, the people meet at their respective places of worship, there to make the usual acknowledgments to Almighty God for the blessings He has conferred upon them—their merciful exemptions from evils—and invoke His protection and kindness for their less fortunate brethren, whom, in His wisdom, He deemed it best to chastise; in faith whereof, I have hereunto set and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this, the 28th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one, and of the independence of the United States the ninety-sixth.

By the President:

U. S. GRANT.

HAMILTON FISH, Sec'y of State.

KENTUCKY WAR CLAIMS.

WASHINGTON, October 28th.—The State of Kentucky has applied by its attorneys for a mandamus to compel the Secretary of the Treasury to sign a warrant for the payment of that State for the reimbursement of its expenses in raising and equipping home-guards during the war. The claim, which is about half a million dollars, was approved by the proper accounting officers of the Treasury; but when it came before Secretary Boutwell, last summer, he refused to sign the warrants for the disbursement of the money, and Kentucky now asks a mandamus to compel him to do so. The notice was served to-day, the order being made returnable in the Supreme Court of the district, November 3d. The important question whether the Secretary of the Treasury is anything more or higher than a mere ministerial officer, and has authority to interpose for the prevention of frauds on the Government, and to stop payments which he believes wrong and illegal, will be settled. Several cases involving the same points are now pending in various stages, that of Kentucky, which will be reached first. Ex-Judges Bartley, of Ohio, and Casey, of the Court of Claims, are counsel for the State of Kentucky.

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TUESDAY..... OCTOBER 31, 1871.

Mr. William Church, of this county, met with a very severe accident by being thrown from a buggy as he was coming to town on Friday night last. He was riding in company with his neighbor, Mr. E. H. Steadman, when the horse ran off, throwing them both out upon the turnpike. Mr. Steadman was uninjured, but found on rising that Mr. Church was insensible and very badly cut and bruised about the head and face. Assistance was procured, and he was taken home and still lies in a critical condition, his consciousness having only partially returned, and his physician fearing that there has been concussion of the brain.

One of the handsomest improvements going on in the city is the new Christian Church, in course of construction on Ann street, opposite the ell of the Capital hotel. Its walls are already high enough to give some idea of the design and the style of the structure, which, when completed, will be one of the finest buildings in the city.

A wag, looking over a proof of our article entitled "Tin and the Tariff," says it should have been called "Gilt and Tinsel," because, if the swindling scamps get hold of it, as suggested, it will be in guilty hands and prove a great tin-sell. There is no telling what a vein of wit might be struck if any body would only mine this smart chaff. He pans out well on the surface, at any rate.

If we are not mistaken, the Lexington Press said the other day, that the Pennsylvania Central controlled the Louisville, Lexington, and Cincinnati Railroad. If it does not, is not the argument of the Press against the Frankfort, Paris, and Big Sandy Railroad weakened?

One of the old landmarks is being removed in the shape of a dilapidated brick house, opposite the Capital hotel, which is being torn down. It was among the first built in Frankfort. There are several more in the same venerable neighborhood, which ought to share its fate.

Owensboro has had a conflagration, consisting of the burning of ten thousand dollars of Daviess county railroad bonds, purchased before maturity and cancelled in this summary manner. The Monitor has the face to speak of it as a bond-fire.

Hogs.—This market, says the Lexington Press, has brightened a little in the last few days, and 33 $\frac{1}{4}$ have been paid for a few, so we are informed. A cool spell of weather will throw the entire crop in the market and establish the price.

The Order of Good Templars in this city is in a very prosperous condition. Capital Lodge numbers about three hundred members, and we understand active steps are being taken to organize another lodge, to be called "Minnehaha," which Mr. Longellow in his Hawaianas, says means "laughing water." If the templars can get water to make them merry, there will be no necessity hereafter for any stronger spirits. Men with the blues take whisky to make them laugh, but just think of it: a few visits to Minnehaha will make them perfectly happy. Perhaps this is what the templars mean when they talk of "taking a smile."

DONELLAN CASE.—The Governor has commissioned Hon. T. T. Alexander, judge of the sixth district, to try the case of John Donellan for killing an officer in Lexington. At the last term of the Bourbon circuit court Judge Thomas declined to occupy the bench, as did several attorneys selected by the bar. Under the law, the Governor has the power to appoint a judge to try the case. The trial will take place at any time Judge Alexander may select.

The French army is reorganized in nine corps, each corps containing three divisions, each division two brigades, and each brigade two regiments of three thousand men each, including cavalry and artillery; and forty-five thousand men extra for Algiers.

The Radical Congressman Degener was badly beaten in the late Texas election. This is a kind of degeneracy of which we should like to see more.

Rev. L. C. Lance, rector of Ascension Church in this city, returned on Saturday from Baltimore, where he has been it attending upon the Triennial Episcopal Convention, and occupied his pulpit Sunday.

The authorities of Chicago have just acknowledged the receipt of aid from Louisville and Titusville, both of which are spoken of as munificent.

Paducah is threatened with a famine. It is selling at 30 cents, with only one week's supply on hand.

George Francis Train will deliver three lectures in Louisville this month, commencing on the 14th.

The contractors have taken advantage of the good weather, and have rapidly pushed forward the work on the new pike between the two bridges.

Attention is called to advertisement of farm for sale in another column, owned by W. O. Crockett, three miles south of Frankfort.

The Paducah Kentuckian had a bad case of the "blues" the other day. Its black ink had given out.

CHALLENGE.—\$100 to \$500 dollars, Open to any person in Frankfort that can produce as skillful a specimen of plumbing (their own make) as done at Seeley's, St. Clair street.

Winchester wants a skating rink.

AMERICANS IN JAPAN.—A letter has been received at Washington from ex-Commissioner Capron, dated at Yedo, announcing the safe arrival of himself and Professors Antisel and Pearce, and their inauguration as officials under the Japanese government. They were tendered a grand banquet, and assigned quarters in a palace. They are greatly pleased with the country and their positions under the Mikado. Two days before reaching Yokohama the party passed through a typhoon.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—We learn from the Louisville Ledger of yesterday of the accidental shooting of Thomas T. Towles, of Henderson, Friday night. The Ledger says:

On Friday night Mr. Towles, in company with several young men of the town, had succeeded Judge Trotton, the Representative-elect for Henderson county, and were having his premises, when young Towles suggested to his comrades the propriety of firing a pistol salute to Judge T., in honor of his recent election, to which his friends readily consented. Mr. Towles drew his pistol, and discharged its contents in the air, and Mr. James McCullough attempted to do likewise, when the hammer of his weapon—which was a Derringer—became entangled in the flap of his coat pocket, and, striking the cap, the charge was lodged in Mr. Towles' body, striking him immediately under the left nipple, passing around the lung and through the trachea, lodging, it is supposed, under the right shoulder-blade. Doctors Hanna and Hodge were summoned immediately, and probed the wound, but were unable to extract the ball, and at a late hour on Saturday afternoon it was thought that the unfortunate man could not survive the night.

Mr. Towles is well-known and has many friends in Frankfort, he having been a pupil of Mr. Sayre's for several years.

List of patents issued from the United States Patent Office to Kentucky inventors, for the week ending October 24, 1871, and each that date. Furnished this paper by Cox & Cox, solicitors of patents, Washington, D. C.

Steam Engine, S. Van Eman, Covington. Pitman Connection for Steam Engines, Covington.

Shuttle for Sewing Machines, J. C. Hervey, Newport.

Dies—Steam Engine Cylinder and Frame, E. Cope, Covington.

THE SOUTHERN FARM AND HOME.—There is no agricultural publication in the South or West that comes to us better filled with practical suggestions for the benefit of the planter, gardener, and stock-raiser than this. Much the larger portion of its contents is original—evidently from men who understand what they are writing about. In addition to matter pertaining to agriculture, it always contains a well-written story, and a synopsis of the current events of the day. Address J. W. Burke & Co., Macon, Georgia. Price, \$2 per year.

"Her Magic Eye" is the title of a new ballad composed by Charles Schaeffer, and published by Henry Knoefel, 68 West Market street. It is dedicated to Miss Etta Keprhart of Henry county, Ky.

PERSONAL.—Hon. J. R. Underwood and Captain Hines, of Bowling Green, were in city yesterday attending the Court of Appeals.

If your plumbing needs repairing, go to Oscar Seeley, the only practical plumber in Frankfort, S. Clair street.

Cars will be running from Paducah to Dyersburg, Tennessee, over the Paducah and Memphis road, by the first of January next.

POLICE COURT.—Judge Major was engaged yesterday in trying drunks, concealed weapons, and fugitives.

RAFFLE.—All who have chances in the picture at Conery's should be there promptly at eight o'clock to-night.

For main or sewer pipe, at low prices go to Seeley's, St. Clair street.

Apples were selling on the streets yesterday at two dollars per bushel.

The late Thomas Ewing was buried at Lancaster, Ohio, on Saturday.

For cheap gas fixtures, go to Seeley's, St. Clair street.

The weather was cloudy all day yesterday, and had a rainy appearance.

For cheap pumps and hydrants, go to Seeley's, St. Clair street.

Theodore B. Pryor, son of General Roger A. Pryor, whose body was found floating in East River on the 23d, was twenty years of age and a student of law. At Princeton College, one of his class-mates, who ranked next to him in honors, said: "I had competitors—Pryor had none." No one thought of disputing his leadership. He led the class in every study, although one of its youngest members. His favorite studies were mathematics and metaphysics. When he came to graduate it was hard to find a parallel for his standing. For a hundred years no student had stood so high, and the one who came the nearest to him was Aaron Burr, who graduated just a hundred years ago. The highest average mark in the college is 100. Young Pryor's 99. He gained the Jay Cooke Prize of \$1,000 for excellence in mathematics, and a year ago he went to England and entered at Cambridge. The same success attended him there as at Princeton. He remained five months, and received a scholarship. On Sunday morning, the 15th of October, he arose rather late. He sat in the fire a shiver, as though he had a chill. He complained of a headache, and his face was marked with dark lines. He appeared quiet, listless, now and then sinking into a reverie unusual to him. At dinner he rallied and discussed with his father the merits of a scene in "The Rivals" as compared with a chapter in Pickwick, quoting both from memory. He remained at home most of the day, in the evening going with his mother to Dr. Van Dyke's Church. On his return he went to the library and opening Shakespeare read Julius Caesar—always a favorite play. When he closed the volume the paper knife showed he had reached the third act. "About half-past 9 he said to his mother, "I feel warm, I shall take a little walk and cool off." He was never seen alive afterward by any one who knew him. The accepted theory of the physicians and of those who have studied the case, is that he was suffering from congestion of the brain; that this brought with it a temporary derangement of his reason, and that he walked off the dock at Wall Street Ferry within five minutes after he left home.

For all plumbing or gas fitting, call on Oscar Seeley, St. Clair street. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Winchester wants a skating rink.

THE ALDINE.—This publication, which is attracting so much attention among all lovers of pure literature and good pictures (and who does not love a good picture?) promises great things in store for the coming year. In the first place, Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard is to be the literary head of the enterprise. This selection is, perhaps, the happiest of many happy thoughts of the young and enterprising publishers. Mr. Stoddard is a poet, in the truest sense of the term; his proses has richness of thought and sympathetic feeling which proves that his is not a mere poetry of jingling rhyme. His kindly genial nature has made him a host of friends, and it would be difficult to select a second literary man in America who could, at the start, rally under his standard such an array of recognized talent and well-known names. His assumption of the editorship gives the Aldine, in advance, a proud position among the highest and best periodicals of the day.

The national feature of the art illustrations is, perhaps, the best bid for popularity that the publishers could make. Americans like to feel that they are equal to any nation in anything. So much parade has been made about this American art feature, by nearly every publisher of illustrated periodicals in the country, and the reality has been so unsatisfactory, so mortifying to every American who had a knowledge of what constitutes excellence in art, and the progress of other countries, that another announcement is hardly needed, or a more successful result anticipated.

But in the case of The Aldine there is this difference: the conductors have shown rare tact in the selection and arrangement of their resources; they have demonstrated that they possess real artistic taste and a love for art, aside from its merely commercial relations. We are, therefore, not surprised to recognize, through the specimens already given, the unquestionable right of The Aldine to the title it has taken—"a representative and champion of American art."

In the number for October, Mr. Granville Perkins, one of our foremost marine painters, contributes a sketch, "The Beach at Rockaway." This picture has been engraved and printed in a style unsurpassed by any of the periodicals of Europe.

In the number for November, now before us, is a characteristic sketch by Emslie, "The Uninvited Guest." A small snake gliding swiftly across the table-cloth electrifies and disturbs a picnic party in the midst of their dinner. The variety of expression on the faces of the group is so carefully preserved in the engraving that the picture seems to have a fresh interest every time it is taken up.

At the beginning of the year we announced many prophecies that there would (must) be a tailing off in quality after a few issues. The publishers have answered that objection in the best possible way. They have proved to the last groundless, and we feel inclined to accept all their promises for the coming year, especially when backed by such guarantees as the pictures just mentioned. We would advise our readers to send along \$5 at once to James Sutton & Co., 23 Liberty street, New York.

Federal Arrests—The Mayor of the City among the Number.

The Deputy United States Marshal has been busy among the citizens of Fayette county and Lexington, for the last few days. We understand that that important official came up here from Louisville loaded with warrants of arrest. So far we learn that the following have been arrested and are now on bail:

Benjamin McNulty, Chief of Police, bail, \$300.

C. N. Hendricks, deputy Chief of Police, bail, \$1,000.

J. R. Frazer, Mayor of the city of Lexington, bail, \$6,000.

J. W. Cochrane, City Clerk, bail, \$6,000.

Wm. Masner, Captain of the night watch, bail, \$6,000.

Patrick Barkins, policeman, bail, \$2,000.

C. N. Hendricks, deputy Chief of Police, bail, \$1,000.

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